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Augustus W. Bomberger
Ursinus College

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HOLIDAY GREETING



URSINUS
College Bulletin

JANUARY, 1890.



Christmas, Eighty-Nine.



New Year's, Ninety.



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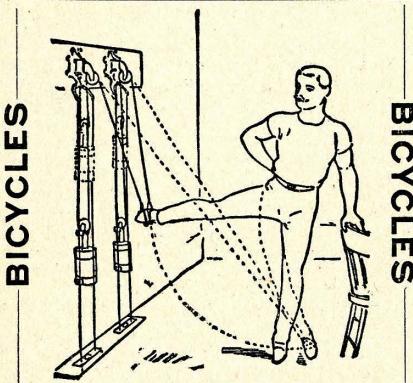
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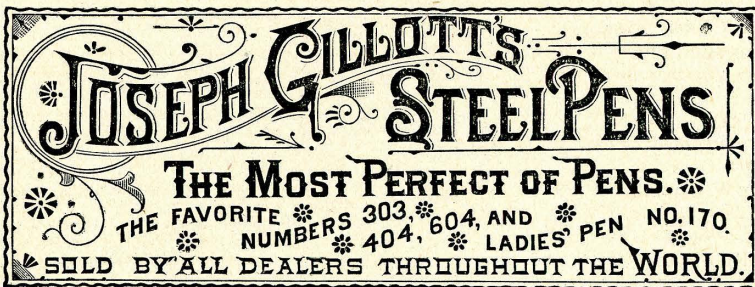
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URSINUS COLLEGE, AND FOUR OF ITS DIRECTORS.

URSINUS COLLEGE BULLETIN.

VOLUME VI.

COLLEGEVILLE, JANUARY, 1890.

NUMBER 4.

DAYBREAK.

BEHOLD! The morning! Wake! Arise!
Bright heralds on the hills appear!
The forces of another year
Unfurl their standard to the skies!

Come forth from out the dark array
That struggles in the gloom of night;
And join the glorious hosts of light
That line the battlements of day.

Turn! Linger not where still abound
The silent shades of blind despair.
Fly! On the radiant morning air,
The bugle-calls of hope resound!

"Gird on thy strength!" The brave, the true,
That fought undaunted to the last!
The buried beauty of the past
Shall some day live again, for you!

The paths before thee, yet untrod,
May quickly reach a blessed goal;
And e're the evening, lo, thy soul
May pass the gates that lead to God!

Behold! The Morning! Wake! Arise!
Bright heralds on the hills appear!
The forces of another year
Unfurl their standard to the skies!



The Midwinter Holidays in Olden Times.



BY "olden times" the complaisant reader may assume any point between three and four-score years. The holidays (*holly*-days, or *holy*-days, as you please) meant, are of course Christmas and New-Year's Day, not quite twins, but for thoughtful minds most significantly close to each other, and in very suggestive order of occurrence. How the BULLETIN can speak of matters reaching so far back in the annals of this nearly exhausted century, whether by personal reminiscence or by tradition, is a secret between it and its sub-editorial Staff, with which outside curiosity is excused from meddling; let it rather be grateful to be favored with the facts. *Verbum sap.*, only so the narrative prove pleasantly sappy.

So much by way of preamble. Yet stay; another remark is called for to prevent or correct a possible misapprehension, at least as to the former of the two festivities named. Christmas, if not the other day, has gradually gained such general favor in our country that it may be hastily assumed to be of native American origin—a sort of indigenous plant, somewhat like the New England Thanksgiving or Forefathers' Day. That is a mistake. It is indeed a *Forefathers' Day*, but not in an anglican, puritanic sense. Assured tradition declares it, in its distinctive features and manners, to be of direct Teutonic origin, brought over by the Helvetic and German Pilgrim Fathers from their Swiss and Suabian homes. And, like some other importations by the same noble stock, at first it met with a rather dubious welcome, or even with ridicule and frowns. By and by, however, the Teuton-tongued Pennsylvanians by their industrious thrift and other still better qualities, won confidence and respect, proving themselves quite as good citizens and Christians as their more dainty neighbors.

And so it happened that social and religious peculiarities which once seemed ridiculously "Dutch," or contemptibly vulgar, won their way into high places and ruled the fashions where they had been previously despised. Yankees began to stuff their turkeys with krout and to put noodle-soup on their choice bills-of-fare. What a theme offers here for inferential comments! How the history of conquered Greece subduing Rome repeats itself!—But the BULLETIN has not set out on moralizing in this line just now.

Only let the testimony of tradition be allowed to have shown that America owes its present Christmas, with some modifications to be sure, to primitive German genius and *freundlichkeit*! But as originally transplanted to our Western fields, the festival was fashioned in its dominant characteristics by a generous religious spirit. It was a season of enjoyment, and especially for the household and its dozen, more or less, of children, whose pleasure and gladness were always a main consideration. All, however, subordinately to the Christian fact and feeling which ruled the delights of the happy day. This will be manifest on reference to the ecclesiastical programme of the festival, which for convenience may be stated in two or three parts.

First, were the temporalities essential to the great occasion. These required due preparations, varying according to circumstances. There were cakes to be baked, often a two or three bushel basket-full of smaller cakes,—chiefly ginger cakes, pepper-nuts (without the pepper), jumbles, sweet pretzels, these by the hundreds, according to the number of children to be remembered. And these cakes not in plain squares, or circles, but skilfully cut into all sorts of pleasant shapes and figures—babies, birds, fishes, horses, rabbits, harps, lyres, triangles, trees—almost anything imaginable. Then came candies (home-made) in like variety of form. To add attraction to the cakes a special lot were iced with charming colored devices. All this was done a few days in advance of the longed-for delight. To candies and cakes were added ample supplies of various kinds of native nuts, and some almonds, perhaps, if the domestic purse allowed the luxury. Next to such dainties came trinkets and dolls, and some extra

articles of dress,—mittens and socks for the boys and girls, knit by the deft hands of loving mothers, and grandmothers and kind aunts,—dear, blessed ones, their cherished memory shall never die, no never, here or *there*. And they did it all so kindly because they loved Him but for whom there could have been no Christmas, and the earth would have been without its higher, sacred joys.

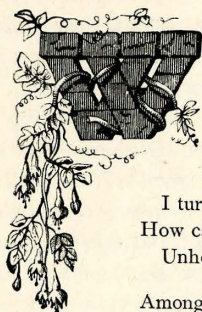
Of the joyous distribution of these satisfying gifts on the early morning of the happy day; of the scores of children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces, cousins and second cousins, welcomed to a share of the good things gotten ready, the BULLETIN has not time or space to speak. But it most regrets that the same reasons forbid the lifting of the curtains before the hundreds of Christmas trees in every home where there were children to enjoy them. And such trees! The branches arranged to reach clear across a sixteen feet wide room, with a table in front (extemporized of boards), covered with green, like meadows, through which streams of artificial water flowed, and running fountains—cattle browsing on the (moss) imitation grass—and all made more or less typical and emblematic of the day and feast.

A few words must suffice for the other, the spiritual features of this Forefathers' Day. If it provided much for the babes, still greater care was taken to supply meat for those of riper years. Christmas of yore was emphatically a church-going day. Usually in town churches, two services were held, and also largely attended. Indeed one day was not enough. In many cases a second, and in some instances even a third day was set apart for the grateful commemoration of world-redeeming grace. And faithful tradition assures us that those services were primitively attended by as devout Christians as usually now engage in public worship. In many inland Pennsylvania-German towns the ringing of a half-score of bells proclaimed Christmas, by their cheering yet solemn chimes, to the thousands dwelling there and in the country around. And hills and valleys, forests and fields took up the music, sending it in bounding echoes to other towns, where corresponding chimes returned the echoes in halleluja Amens!

How far the modern popular Christmas conforms to this early ideal, or whether it has become a degenerate earthly carnival, the BULLETIN submits to other judgments. So also the further reflection—whether it were not well to take a new start in the premises and try to stick closer to the better, safer and no less joyous methods of the old Forefathers' Day.



REVISITED.



HO would not shrink from sorrow, tears and pain,
 So sighed my heart. Almost reluctantly
 I came to view the spot where yet remain
 The graves of loved ones, hidden, now, from me.

Those graves! Oh, when I viewed them newly made
 I turned away with bitter, burning tears;
 How can I bear to look where sun and shade
 Unheeded passed those grass-grown graves for years.

Among the hedges trim, the gates swung wide;
 With well-kept walks, a fountain's flying spray
 And fragrant banks of brightest bloom, beside;
 A garden spot the church-yard was that day.

A bright October sun shone in the sky,
 The buoyant breeze, with murmured music swept
 Across the pines in gentle, whispered sigh,
 As though a myriad tiny harp-strings wept.

Sweet sounds, reposeful; in that peaceful shade
 The somber silence, stillness sad depart.
 The ceaseless notes, like holy chant, upbraid
 The tremor and the tumult of my heart.

Within the evergreen embowered slope
 The graves with white sepulchral stones appear.
 Still sounds the wind-swept chant of peace and hope
 "Seek not to sorrow here—to sorrow here."

Through trembling trees, still came that whispered sound,
 To sweetly soothe the sorrow of my heart.
 Restful retreat, where sweet repose is found,
 With lightened spirit, I from thee depart.

MINERVA WEINBERGER, '84.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



HE practice of making gifts to relatives and friends seems to be on the increase. As the holidays approach every one begins to agitate the question in his mind, what shall I give as Christmas or New Year offerings to my friends? How far shall I go and how many friends shall I remember, and what shall be the character of the presents, and how deep shall I reach into my pocket to meet the expense? As he goes forth to make his purchases he finds that every one else is agitated by the same questions. Each one resolves that he will outdo all previous efforts in this line, and surpass his neighbors in the choice and

excellence of his gifts. The stores are filled with the most tempting and alluring articles, with a variety and dazzle that blind him to the cost, and with a splendor that charms and captivates his imagination. He goes home loaded with good things for young and old, and wonders what, if this keeps on, the end will be.

He begins to reflect and to say, Isn't this practice of making gifts being run into the ground? Isn't it, after all, an old heathen custom that came from the Roman Saturnalia and Brumalia lasting seven days, about the time of the winter solstice, and ending in ridiculous sports and plays? Are we any better than the heathen? Then again it leads to expensive habits that we can hardly afford. It drains the purse of funds that should be reserved for some special emergency, or a time of great and unexpected necessities. It generates habits that are not consistent with honest and careful living and may make spend-thrifts when the most rigorous economy is required. Ought we not to stop and consider?

But then he turns the question over and looks at it in a more cheerful and liberal light. Is it not a most sociable and joyous custom, in full accord with the spirit of Him who gave himself as the highest and best gift to man, and expressive of the love which He exhibited in making sacrifices for the benefit of others?

Yes! the custom is a good one. It cultivates a kind and generous spirit in the giver which is gratefully appreciated by the receiver, who, in turn, is actuated by a like generous nature. Thus, by acting and reacting, it strengthens the bonds of good fellowship, like the action of two magnets, which by mutual presence and induction are both increased in force.

We are apt to withdraw into ourselves and to centre our affections upon our own necessities, regardless of the wants of those who have a claim upon us. This disposition should be counteracted by the exercise of those feelings which act on objects beyond ourselves. The bestowal of a gift not only sends joy to the heart of the recipient but brings out a higher nature in the giver. When Mary bestowed the alabaster box of ointment upon Jesus he commended her spirit in exhibiting a love for him as her Saviour, and rebuked the spirit of those who thought the gift a waste of money and a piece of needless extravagance. It was the testimony of her regard which reflected the faith and love which stirred her heart. And this is the true spirit which should go with every gift. The gift should be the symbol of something which is within and under it, and makes it the bearer of a higher and better life.

The majority of Christmas gifts are given to the young people and do a special work. They teach them faith in humanity. The world is a joyous world to them. They have not yet learned its disappointments. They look forward to Christmas with longing expectations as a season of kindness, affection and hope. Their eyes sparkle, their hearts leap as they watch for Santa Claus to bring some evidence of a beneficent care which ministers to their pleasure. The impressions thus made go with them through life. The sunshine

thus scattered in youth remains to brighten the darkest days of subsequent years. Sad and hopeless is the life that has never felt the cheering influence of Christmas.

But best of all is the memory which these gifts leave behind them—the memory of love for us in our weakness; of a place in the hearts of those who labored for our welfare; of the joy it gave them in making us happy. The spirit of the gift is of more intrinsic value than the gift itself.

Of course the benefits of the Christmas season are seen in the crowded streets, the activity of business circles, the enlargement of trade and the circulation of money. All feel the effects of these, and at a season which otherwise would be the darkest and dullest of the year.

There are some abuses connected with the exchanging of gifts but they do not surpass the benefits of the custom. The world may be abused, but this is no argument against its proper use. Clouds are not an argument against sunshine. Let the sunshine of the Christmas season go through the year, keeping the heart bright and cheerful with its light and warmth.

H. W. S.

Orpheus in Winter

ANSWERS BOREAS' REQUEST FOR A SONG.



Song? Alas, how can I sing!
Rude frost has snapped my
lute's soft string;
And passion's every melt-
ing note
Is frozen in its dainty throat!

A dirge methinks more apropos;
Chanted to muffled music slow;
While icy zephyrs wildly mourn
Thro' snow-encrusted cedars borne.

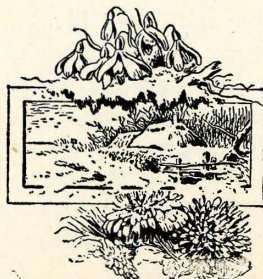
The thrush and mocking-bird are fled;
The robin with his breast of red.
They are my masters; how dare I
Assay to sing with them not nigh.

Should I attempt a lay and fail,
In mocking scorn the moon would rail;
And th' great, leafless, spectre trees
Groan in derision to the breeze.

My bitter shame no peace would know;
My tears would fall in flakes of snow;
My breaking heart would beg thy strand
To hide me 'neath its frozen sand.

If thou wilt here but wait the Spring,
For thee all day I'll gladly sing.
'Till then I wish thee a good-bye
To brighter climes I haste, I fly.

'87.





“Ring out the Old; Ring in the New!”

ARK, lowering skies; dead, snow-enshrouded fields,
Where sweet-voiced meadow-larks once toiled and sang,
And rippling seas of red-capped clover murmured:
Naked trees, whose countless, shivering branches sigh
Upon the midnight air, and wildly moan, as if
In frenzied memory of a distant season,
When clad with radiant robes of green and white,
They softly laughed in drowsy joy to twilight-winds of May:
Dank, frozen valleys, where bright buttercups once bloomed,
And bare-foot boys and happy birds and noisy brooks

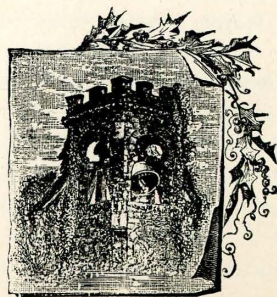
Filled all the vernal day with gladsome music:
Impenetrable gloom, where golden sunshine gleamed:
And aching hearts that try to hide their grief and vainly wait
For time to soothe its anguish: Famished souls
All pinched and faint with hungry longing: Tired ears,
That hearken still for footsteps long grown silent:
Pale, despairing eyes, drained dry of tears, yet ever sadly watching:
Spring turned to winter; joy, to ceaseless pain; dear, cherished ones
All swallowed in the agony of night, and everywhere
No other thing save loneliness and icy death;—and then!—

Across the silent waste a sudden thrill of nameless melody!
Gently it swells; ah, grief! it dies! no, hush! it swells again!
And this time louder, longer than before! The hills awake,
And tremulously sing! The rushing sounds still stronger grow. Now darkling vales,
Moved by a magic life, take up their wondrous music. Now before its path
December's howling winds grow calm, and all the moaning trees
Hush their discordant dirges: Now enraptured stars
Between the clouds shine forth: And now,—O, mystery divine!—the splendid notes
Swiftly unite in harmony so grandly sweet,
That all the cold, insensate air of heaven moves, pulses, wildly throbs,
With deep, resistless joy! Grief dies: Love rises from its tomb: An unseen balm
Brings blessed healing unto burning wounds: The spirit weak,
Renews its strength, on boundless plenty fed: Despondent faces, w so long in gloom,
Light up with hallowed gladness: Now at last eternal spring abides:
Youth comes again, and as of old the robins in the orchard chant
Their choruses of praise: In forgotten brightness round the dear old home,
The morning sunbeams fall: From well-remembered, blossom-
laden trees

The fragrant spring-tide breath of other days on every breeze
ascends:

Now precious forms fly quickly to the side: Beloved eyes,
In mute but eloquent delight, meet loving eyes once more;
And wondrous consciousness of perfect peace wells up to flow
forever:

For Memory sad, touched by the magic music,
Hath flung aside her mantle of despair;
And deathless hope thro' all her being swells,
Born of the precious promises of New Year Bells!



A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

“**I**SAY to thee, do thou repeat
 To the first man thou mayest meet
 In field or highway, lane or street,
 That they, and we, and all men move
 Under a canopy of love
 As broad as the blue sky above.”—*Trench.*

“Peace on earth, good will toward men.”—*Angel Chorons.*

“’Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night’s lodging. ’Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion.”—*Emerson.*

“The imaginative understanding of the nature of others, and the power of putting ourselves in their places is the faculty on which the virtue of sympathy depends.”—*Ruskin.*

“Socialism is a theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly, and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind.”—*Webster.*

The Gospel according to Tolstoi, George, Bellamy, and Mrs. Ward is the gospel proposed for our acceptance as alone adequate to meet the needs of the age. We are most of us more or less familiar with the books usually recognized as belonging to this uninspired canon. It may be we have read the “Confessions” of that good, old, poverty-stricken Russian who ekes out his precarious existence on a half a million a year. The press has given us some idea of “single tax.” Some of us have stood with Bellamy “looking backward” upon the general disjointedness of the world in this nineteenth century, from the vantage ground of a century ahead. And it is possible even that some can dimly recall the perusal of that antiquarian relic, Robert——, Robert,——; what was his name?

Is it not true that the calm, sober conclusion reached by fair-minded, thoughtful men after reflection upon these “teachings for the times,” is somewhat as follows?

The world needs no new Gospel. The lack of the supernatural motor which is the peculiar possession of that one which Christ has given us, would be a fatal defect in all the novelty-combinations proposed. But the world *does sadly need* that the Christmastide peals of the old Gospel (God’s Fatherhood, Man’s Brotherhood; Man’s Brotherhood, God’s Fatherhood), be rung out with clearer, sweeter, fuller tones. There is some danger of our muffling the bells.

Christmas stands for “socialism” in the truest and best meaning of that word. The Manger means the reconciling of man and and man, as Calvary means that of God and man. The King of kings in poverty’s chance cradle prophesies the leveling of all those artificial barriers which separate man from man. It is a proclamation of universal brotherhood. It is a demand for the cultivation of the sentiments of world-wide neighborliness.

Directly in the path to the attainment of this end lie certain social heresies utterly antagonistic to it. They are so plausible; they so subtly entrench

themselves in our habit of thought ; they assume such a complacent, and taken-for-granted air ; that to question their divine right seems almost presumption. And yet they are the rankest heresies. Most of us would spurn them as the articles of our definitely formulated creed, but we cling to them as sacred unwritten traditions. The truest conception of the brotherhood of man cannot be ours until we have escaped from their bondage.

The ideal which the Christmas season holds before us is, Loving sympathy for all men ; the overflow of a heart filled with loving adoration for Bethlehem's Babe.

To grade men according to the size of their incomes is to prove recreant to this principle.

Whilst it is true that wealth is sometimes wholly the result of honest industry and perseverance, and so far is an indication of merit, yet far more often this is not the case. In so far as chance operates at all, it does so here with a vengeance. There are a thousand chances either way. Inheritance. A natural genius for commercialism, for which the possessor deserves no personal credit. A "run of luck." Freedom from health-destroying, will-weakening disease, probably purely constitutional, and not in any way the result of correct habits. And oftentimes the explanation of the wealth is far less innocent than these. It may have been won by selfish manipulation of artificial opportunities afforded by partial legislation, as in these days of "trusts" and "corners," it often is. Or it may be the spoils of deliberate crime. So that the possession of wealth does not necessarily afford us any clue whatever for grading our brothers in the scale of manhood's worth ; and to allow the mere fact of its presence or absence to build up barriers between man and man is to trample upon all the blessed truths and hallowed traditions clustering about Christmas.

The season arrays its influence (in the coming of the Christ-child to the humble Nazareth household) against the fancy, that the faintest shadow of disgrace necessarily attaches to any honest occupation. There are three phrases which Christmas should strike out from our vocabulary : "the masses," "the lower classes," "the laboring classes." The words possess no echo of human tenderness. In this way "the upper classes" of France talked, a century ago. The French Revolution resulted. The man suited for a more responsible position, who through indolence or viciousness, never graduates from his humbler sphere, deserves our censure. That those,—who have been thrust into life's humbler vocations through lack of natural aptitude, or in consequence of any circumstances for which they are not responsible,—that such should be compelled to bear the additional burden of the contempt of those more happily situated, is monstrous. Whilst all men are *not* equal in merit, talents or deserts, all true men *are* equal in their claims upon our swift sympathy and fraternal feeling. Social distinctions based upon a fancied essential difference in dignity and importance between "trades" and "professions ;" between "practising" and "laboring," are arbitrary and contemptible, both from the standpoint of Christ and Webster.

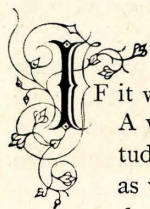
This trinity of anti-Christmas heresies contains one more. It is the assumption, that we can so nicely adjust the sliding scale of blame and penalty as to fairly meet all cases of wrong-doing.

We need have no tolerance for that sentimentalism which would look upon all evil-doing as the symptom of disease,—the patient to be pitied,—rather than as sin,—the culprit to be held answerable. But on the other hand, it is carefully to be kept in mind, that, while the law (because it lacks delicacy of touch and nicety of discernment, and is thereby prevented from analyzing all the motives, and weighing all the influences leading up to a certain act) must in great measure group crimes and average penalties; Christian charity demands far more than this from us. Adequately equipped as we are, with power and precept, for building up noble character, for winning our brothers to a better life, the glaring failure evidenced by some gross deed of wrong done in our midst, within the shadow of our churches, may well lead us to inquire in how far our neglect is answerable for that result. If we had done all in our power to improve and elevate existing conditions by the infinite leverage placed at our disposal; and if, as a result of that bettered environment, the tendencies within our brother's heart, and the temptations without, had been weakened, or destroyed, would the issue have been the same?

If not, then *circumstance* is a factor to be taken into consideration in this problem. And although this element may always remain an unknown quantity to our shortsightedness, and we, in consequence, be unable to arrive at an exact solution, the knowledge of its presence should temper the severity of our judgments, and deepen the "good will toward men," which mercifully desires to find extenuation for their transgression, rather than gloat over their misery.

J. H. B.

ANOTHER MILESTONE.



IF it were only a quiet breathing-point! A place of silent meditation. A vast oasis in the desert journey, where, out of the countless multitude that is rushing by, a million men might linger for a time. Where, as with one accord, moved by an impulse from above, they might draw aside from the noisy turmoil, each by himself, and breathing a fervent prayer to God for perfect strength, might, during a single, silent hour, center every tense muscle of the body, every straining tissue of the brain in a supreme effort to obtain once and for all, a full, vivid, face-to-face realization of the conditions in which they live, a deep, present sense of the true comparative value of earthly existence, and an all-pervading, well-defined inner consciousness of the mighty under-current of sorrow that flows beneath the shallow surface waves of the ocean of humanity,—there would be in 1889 more solemn, earnest seekers for a heaven-sent Deliverer than in any year since the first Christmastide at Bethlehem. There would be more of the tears that soften the heart of manhood with a great, unfathomed, moving love for the struggling thousands, and steel its sinews of brain and brawn for a true unflinching battle to the last, great end.

THE STAR OF THE MAGI.

"Behold, there came Wise Men from the East to
Jerusalem, Saying, 'Where is He that is born King of the
Jews? for we have seen His Star in the East and are
Come to Worship Him.'"

STAR in the East! Dread guide of ancient
sages,
Led by thy mystery of love divine;
Thro' all the gloom of sin-beclouded ages,
The hallowed beauties of thy radiance shine.
* * *

Far from their native tents, 'mid drought and
danger,

Urging their camels over burning sand,
The wondering Magi hasten toward a manger,
In Bethlehem town, of Israel's chosen land.

Wrinkled with starving hope; grown old in
sadness,

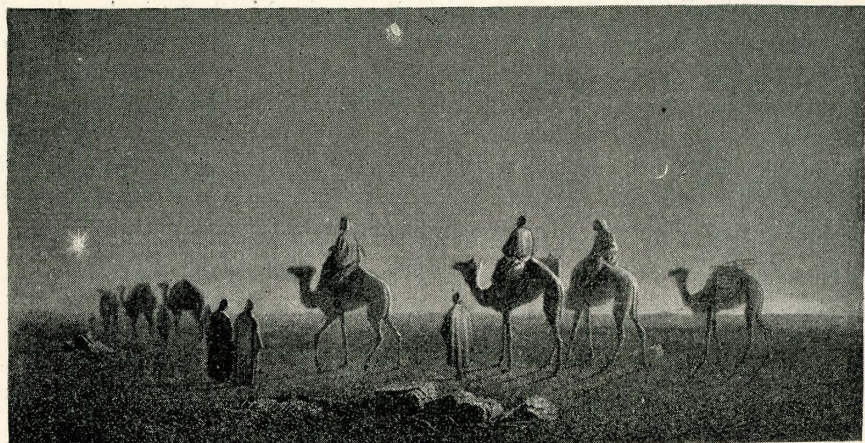
Waiting in vain the advent of their king;
Scare now they yield their hearts the thrilling
gladness,
That eventide's swift-falling shadows bring.

What though the pilgrimage be long and dreary,
Patient they onward fly from morn to morn,
What though their bodies are grown faint and
weary,
Their spirits leap! The blessed Christ is
born!

Still leading westward on its holy mission,
Lo! the resplendent star's electric blaze
Flames upon Juda's hills. The full fruition
Of fervid longing meets their ravished gaze.

Truly their King *is* come! They bow before
Him.

Speechless with love, they worship at his feet;
Mutely in tearful gratitude adore him,
The Hope of Israel lives! O, rapture sweet!
* * *



Soft, 'round their desert path the twilight closes,
Awful, the loneliness of night draws nigh;
Tireless they journey on (while earth reposes),
Scanning with eager eyes the sunset sky.

Sudden, afar in the horizon glowing,
See! brilliant flecks of rosy light appear!
Quickly they gather to a glory, throwing
A matchless brightness o'er each trembling
seer.

Night turns to dawn before the lucent splendor,
Syria's pale moon shrinks backward from its
way.

In joyous awe, the wise men homage render,
And as they forward press, in reverence pray.

Star in the East! Thy lustre waxes ever!
Filling the lives of men with mellow light;
Piercing the shades of darkest grief, and never
Leaving the faithful soul in rayless night.

Hope for the human heart thy beams do pres-
age,—

Broken by sinfulness or bowed with pain;
Love has indited all thy wondrous message,
Since thy refulgence flooded Bethlehem's
plain

Each holy Christmastide, thy glory streaming
Down thro' the centuries, tells those who
roam,
That all their wand'ring under thy bless'd
gleaming,
Is but a journey to their Saviour's home.

THE DESTINY OF AMERICA.



AR better were it for us to believe in all the fables of the Talmud, the myths of Buddhism, and the inefficiencies of Mohammedanism than not to recognize the fact that God rules among men, moulding and shaping the destiny of nations. Under His divine sway every nation that has figured prominently in human history, has wrought out some great idea that has given direction and impulse, not only to its life and civilizaion, but also to the gradual completion of the grand central destiny of the human race. In Egypt it was light; in Canaan, purity; in Greece, intellectual culture; in Rome, law. England and Germany, however imperfectly, brought forth civil liberty and a pure spiritual Christianity, the two great needs of mankind. These two principles America inherited and brought to their legitimate conclusions. The contemplation of the perfection to which they attained in the nation's political and religious institutions naturally prompts every earnest and devout American to inquire, "What is the political and moral destiny of my country?"

When we enter into an earnest study of the history of mankind, surveying the course of his flight westward from civil and religious thralldom; when we behold the birth of freedom in western Europe and its regeneration, purified and simple, in our own America, we cannot but acknowledge that the words of Bishop Berkeley were truly prophetic when he said:

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offering is the last."

Here, then, must the bright fancies of the past become realities; here must the mere abstractions, civil liberty and a pure spiritual Christianity, become vitalized in human character and human actions; here must the grand central destiny of the human family gradually be completed. There are no more continents to be discovered. America has risen. There are no more new worlds; no other hopes.

In America civil liberty gave birth to popular goverment and general education. This, with the mixed origin of its people, its boundless resources, its immense extent and its protective government, contributed to give the country its powerful preëminence. Under such circumstances and in such a soil the spirit of human liberty was nurtured and grown into strength and beauty and has stretched its influences into the midst of the nations. It is no longer an experiment, but like an emanation from heaven it has gone forth and has not returned void.

The future of the continent is ours. This principle of civil liberty has already permeated the whole Western Hemisphere. It has proved to the world that its benignity is as great as its strength. Canada needs but the opportunity to thrust aside Great Britain's hand, which now but lightly rests upon it. But a few weeks ago Brazil, the only empire on the free soil of the American Continent, not by the bloody instruments of war, but through a peaceful and universal longing for freedom, transported the weak vassals of royalty beyond the sea and issued the proclamation of "Liberty to all its inhabitants!" The work of the Pan-American Congress which passed through our land a few weeks ago will tend not only to give to Americans, American commerce, but also to unify the various States of the Continent.

But America has also a moral destiny. Political history is but the forerunner of Christianity.

The Church in America is already far beyond the dawn of a new era, and has unfolded itself under circumstances and in a direction far in advance of the Church of Europe. For many reasons, its greatest internal development was made in this country. Its Puritan origin; its freedom from feudal institutions; its independence of state; the universal religious liberty and freedom of conscience, and the political equality of sects, give to American Christianity a purer and more spiritual aspect than that presented by any country of the Old World. Here it was proved that a church without the support of the government has the strongest hold on the sympathies of the people and is the best expression of their untrammelled convictions. The great idea is to actualize the teachings of Christ in human character and to make every Christian a king and priest in the service of the Great High Priest and King.

The internal development of the church has indeed been rapid. In our early history the thought and energy of the clergy was absorbed by the struggles of laying the foundations. Now in the days of peace and prosperity, when we would look for the greatest Christian firmness of faith, we find the belief of men in a "perilous and dancing balance." Mountains of doubt, thrown up by higher criticism and the discussion of such problems as future probation and Christian evidences, arise before our minds when leaders in theological thought confront us with that ominous question, "Whither? Whither?" Far better were it for us to be content with the finite and leave the infinite, the absolute, the unconditioned to God alone. We are living in a perilous, transitory period of theological thought. The crisis has come and it must be met. Now is the time for the great and good men of our land, who have the pure and unadulterated truths of the Gospel burning in their souls, to rise and stem the incoming tide of German infidelity and agnosticism, and thus preserve America, the last resort of Christianity, the last hope of Protestant unity, in the redeeming brightness of the pure light of God. No! no! it cannot be that America is destined to become a land of infidelity. God has lighted in it the true spark of Christianity and it will continue to burn, for human agency can never extinguish it.

There is certainly going on a gradual and more complete inculcation of Christ's teaching into the motives and actions of men and consequently into their methods of government. Who that has read that thought-breeding book recently published, called "Looking Backward," has not felt that the Christianity portrayed in its pages, though founded on the same unchanged truths of the Gospel, is in its effects as much higher than our Christianity as is Protestantism above Popery. It all lies in a fuller recognition of the Brotherhood of Man, and America is tending toward this. Is not our age a philanthropic age? Do not the noble hearts of our good, liberal-minded men bleed with compassion for the struggling masses? Does not our government sincerely endeavor "to promote the general welfare" of its people? All these things must have their effect, and the time will come when the idea of the inherent unity of the human family shall no longer exist only in fine phrases but also in thought and feeling, as ties as vital as physical fraternity.

That the external spread of the Gospel in all heathen lands is much dependent on America is evident from its geographical position, its wealth, its extent of dominion, and the Anglo-Saxon character of its people. The meshes of its benign influences have already extended to the distant Sandwich Islands. Japan has yielded; neither have the excluding walls of China been impregnable to its advances. For the Dark Continent, American philanthropy has done much; but who knows, as the recent discussion in our daily papers indicates, but that American slavery, though a stain on freedom's virgin purity, may not yet be the means of redeeming Africa to the Gospel and to civilization through the instrumentality of her own sons and daughters, who, once stolen as heathen, are now returning to their native clime as Christian men and women. It is America, then, that most gives us hope for the future evangelization of the world.

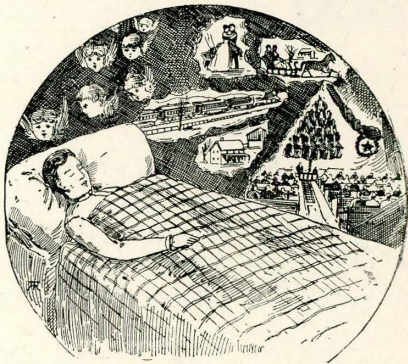
Thus America is the last resort for humanity; the present hope of the world. * * * * * It is a truth, however, that neither individuals nor nations can perform their parts well until they rightly understand their importance and fully appreciate all the duties belonging to them. Let us ever remember then, that our forefathers secured these blessings for us, and that we must preserve, purify and transmit them all to our posterity. Let us not betray our sacred trust, but let us ever cherish our lovely land, our glorious liberty, and our benign institutions. Above all let us preserve among us the pure Word of God, that virtue, morality, and a love for mankind and its Creator may become the springs of action in our social and political life. Let us mingle with our patriotic cry of devotion, "Our Country, our whole Country, and nothing but our Country!" that more noble cry, "Humanity, Humanity, all Humanity!" Then can we expect, by the favor of God, that under the joined hands of civil liberty and a pure spiritual Christianity, America will majestically sail onward to the goal of its grand central destiny, the elevation of the human race.

EDWARD S. BROMER, '90.

THE STUDENT'S CHRISTMAS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

“PEACE on earth, good-will toward men,
 Christmas-tide has come again;”
 The student sang with sweet refrain :
 As to and fro his room he paced,
 And in his trunk, his baggage placed,
 While on his visage fair was traced
 His fond anticipation.



ANTICIPATION.

The twinkling hours of night sped on
 In pleasant deams, until the dawn ;
 And then our happy boy was gone,
 To revel in the priceless boon
 Of home and friends. Ha ! ha ! how soon
 Thanks to the railway, here at noon
 Is *full*-some realization !



REALIZATION.

The folks at home review him o'er,
 Ply him with questions by the score,
 As though they ne'er had met before.
 They note that he has learned some Greek,
 Are careful how to him they speak,
 And mark that he has grown in *cheek*,—
 So do his rich relations.



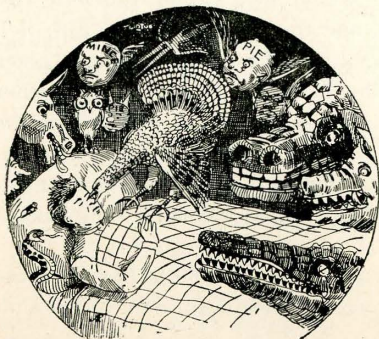
RELATIONS.

He dines and sups and goes to rest,
 Proud that his mother cooks the best ;
 But feels a pang beneath his vest,
 That makes his gloomy thoughts arise
 As to the usefulness of pies
 When much indulged ; and herein lies

His Christmas Consummation.

Bridgewater, Va.,

A. R. T.



CONSUMMATION.

FOUR URSINUS DIRECTORS.



HE opening page of this Holiday edition contains four faces long, and pleasantly familiar in our growing college circle. As the special issue of the BULLETIN which appeared about this season a year ago, published pictures of the members of our faculty at that time, it was naturally deemed quite in keeping with the fitness of things that the Board of Directors of the institution should occupy a similar place in the makeup of the present number. Because of a lack of space the insertion of engravings of all the Board was out of the question and accordingly from the score or more of gentlemen composing the entire membership, four were selected who fairly represent the others. It has been thought that brief sketches of the lives of those whose portraits appear, would be of much interest to many readers, and just now altogether appropriate in these columns, and they are therefore here given.

Each one of this esteemed company of directors is by birth a native of Montgomery County. Henry W. Kratz Esq., the President of the Board, whose picture occupies the upper position among the four, was born in Perkiomen Townshp, in 1834. He moved with his parents to Trappe in 1840, lived there until the spring of 1889, and then located in Norristown, where he now resides. He was educated in the common schools and at Washington Hall Collegiate Institute at Trappe, and upon completing his studies engaged in teaching in his native village and the immediate vicinity, following the profession for eighteen consecutive years. From 1862-'82 he was a Justice of the Peace; from '66-'67, a clerk in the Pennsylvania Senate; and from '81-'85, Recorder of Deeds of Montgomery County. He was Secretary and a Manager of the Perkiomen Valley Mutual Fire and Storm Insurance Company, and still holds the latter office; was President of the Black Rock Bridge Company; and is now President of the National Bank of Schwenksville, a Manager of the Perkiomen and Reading Turnpike Company and a member of the State Board of Agriculture. He has always been identified with advanced social and business ideas in his community, his public life being marked by ability and integrity of purpose that have secured for him a position of well earned prominence among the citizens of Montgomery County. Aided by a strong, inherent love of melody, early cultivated and encouraged, and the natural gift of a full, rich voice, Squire Kratz held for more than a quarter of a century a warm place in every local musical circle with which he came in contact. His other personal qualities of character have made him as widely popular in private life as he has been successful in public affairs. He entered the Board on its organization in 1868, being one of the five charter members who still belong to it. He is connected with St. Luke's Church, Trappe, and was for a long period leader of its choir and one of its Trustees.

Frank M. Hobson Esq., the Secretary and Treasurer of the Board, whose portrait appears next in order in the frontispiece, has been a director of the Col-

lege since 1872. He was born in Limerick Township, in the year 1830, upon the farm that had been in the possession of the Hobson family, descending from one generation to another, for nearly a century prior to his birth. Like the subject of the preceding sketch, Mr. Hobson completed an elementary education at Washington Hall Collegiate Institute. He taught public school for three years at Trappe and in 1856 moved to Freeland (as Collegeville was then and until recently known), and opened a store for the sale of general merchandise. He continued in this business for twenty-four years, retiring from it in 1880. During this time he also engaged in surveying and conveyancing and was executor or administrator in a large number of estates, prominent among them being that of his uncle, Wright A. Bringhurst. He has held the positions of President and manager of the Perkiomen and Reading Turnpike Company, director of the Iron Bank of Phoenixville, and director of the First National Bank of Norristown, and still continues in this last office and as a manager of the Turnpike Company. Mr. Hobson is in every respect a thorough business man, careful, exact and conscientious in financial transactions, and at the same time possessed of liberal views and warmly devoted to the cause of higher education. He has won prosperity in life by a natural capacity for affairs and a faithful attention to every trust long proverbial among his friends. He has been an officer in Trinity Christian (Reformed) Church for many years. His charge of the finances of URSINUS has ever met with the warm and grateful approval of all enlisted in her welfare.

Robert Patterson Esq., whose portrait follows on the left hand side of the page, below that of the gentleman last named, was born in the year 1818, in Upper Providence, on the banks of the Mingo Creek. He received part of his education at what was known as Garber's School, being one of the pupils of ex-Judge Dismant. The balance he acquired by his own efforts after he had assumed the active duties of life. He began teaching in his eighteenth year at Hobson's School House, and followed this profession during seventeen winters. Of this time devoted by him to the instruction of the rising generation, two school terms were spent in Bucks County, one in Chester and the remainder in his native county of Montgomery, partly in Limerick Township, partly at Hobson's School, where the Secretary and Treasurer of the College was one of his pupils, and partly at Bechtel's School House; among his scholars at the latter place being Emanuel Longacre, another member of the Board. In the Spring of 1854 Mr. Patterson gave up teaching, moved to Bristol, Bucks County, and engaged in the iron business. He left this place in the summer of 1856 and located in Philadelphia, where he became one of the original proprietors of the Fairhill Forge of that city. He has continued in active business in Philadelphia to the present time, withdrawing from the Fairhill Forge in 1867 and opening an establishment for the sale of iron bars, and finally, in 1870, relinquishing this also and with Mr. John O. Hughes starting the Delaware Rolling Mill at Richmond and Otis Streets, which under the energetic management of himself and his partner has grown to one of the largest and most successful iron industries in Philadelphia. Mr. Patterson is a director of the 8th National Bank and of the Northern Savings Fund, Safe Deposit and Trust Company of

Philadelphia and has been a director since its organization, of the Union Trust Company of the same city, whose magnificent new building on Chestnut Street above Seventh has for some months been a source of much admiration. He is President of the Board of Trustees of Trinity Reformed Church, Philadelphia, of which Dr. D. E. Klopp was until recently pastor. He was elected to the URSINUS Board in 1878 and has since then evinced the deepest interest in the prosperity of the institution. Mr. Patterson is a typical self-made man who has won his way to the honored place he occupies by an unwavering adherence to correct principles and perseverant hard work. He is frank and genial in manner, and by nature always inclined to throw his influence strongly on the side of right and in generous support of a worthy cause. Amid the constant demands of an extensive industry upon his time and attention he is ever ready to greet a friend with an honest smile and a cordial welcome. His signal and substantial proofs of a sincere appreciation of the high aims and purposes of URSINUS COLLEGE, as well as his crowning qualities of heart and mind have secured for him an enduring place in the esteem of every one connected with the institution.

Hon. Hiram C. Hoover the fourth and last of the directors who appear, became a member of the Board in '78. He was born in the year 1822 in Gwynedd Township, in the immediate vicinity of the house in the village now called Hooverton, in which he at present resides. Until the age of twenty-four he worked on his father's farm, and having come into the ownership of it several years after that period, he continued his agricultural pursuits until 1870. He was educated in the select and public schools near his birthplace. From his youth he possessed a rare taste and skill for music, being devoted especially to that of a sacred character. For twenty-five years he acted as an instructor in his art and as a choir leader. After retiring from farming he engaged in the lumber, coal and feed business at Hooverton and later on opened a general store at the same place. In 1852 he became a Justice of the Peace. During '61, '62 and '63 he was a member of the State Legislature, and was chairman of its Committee on Agriculture. In '65 he was elected Associate Judge of Montgomery County, and at the expiration of his first term was reëlected for an additional five years. He was formerly a trustee of Franklin and Marshall College. Since 1838 he has been a member of Boehm's Reformed Church and has ever been zealous in Sunday-school and Bible-class work. In character he is firm in his convictions of right, yet moderate and thoughtful of the feelings of others in giving expression to his views. His address is full of an unstudied cordiality that makes his society a pleasure. He has been in active sympathy with many movements for the progress and improvement of his community and county, and in the management of the affairs of URSINUS COLLEGE his counsel and suggestions have been found of substantial benefit and of great practical worth.

In closing these sketches the BULLETIN acknowledges its indebtedness to Colonel Theodore W. Bean's history of Montgomery County for many of the facts they contain.



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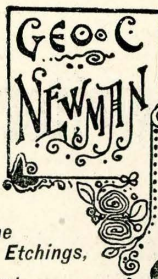
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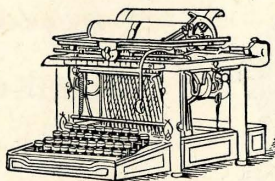
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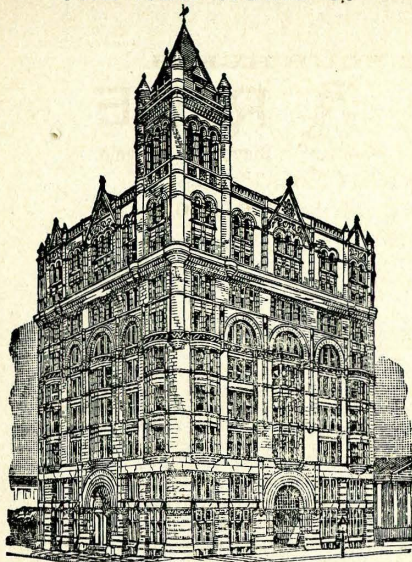
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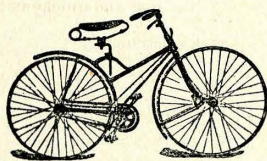


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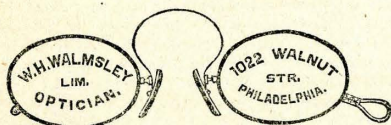
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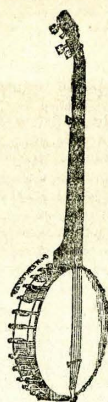
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